

S.P.E.R. L  
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# Cap and Gown



The Magazine of the  
University College of South Wales  
and Glamorgan.



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DECEMBER, 1915.

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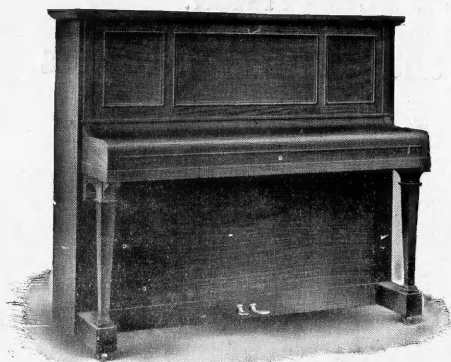
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Vol. XIII. New Series.

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No. 1.

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Miss L. Grant Miss M. Ross.





Mr. D. O. CALVIN-THOMAS.

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Mr. D. O. CALVIN-THOMAS.

**V**ERSATILITY is a marked feature of this hero of the Common Room. Since his first entry into Coll. in 1912 he has ever been prominent in all branches of student life. In sports he has represented the College in Soccer, Hockey, Polo, and Tennis, adding all along to the laurels which he had already won at Park Grove School, Wrexham. On the social side, too, his energy has made itself manifest in no less a degree; at "Lit. and Deb." his eloquence knows no bounds; while Dramatics and Settlement work are but a few scenes of his activities. His sympathies are thoroughly Welsh, though, unfortunately, he does not speak the language. Despite his varied activities he has yet had time to obtain an Honours Degree. Genial and enthusiastic, he has at all times done his best in everything that pertains to Coll. life, and now, after holding the Secretaryship, he is President of the S.R.C.

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Miss O. V. REES.

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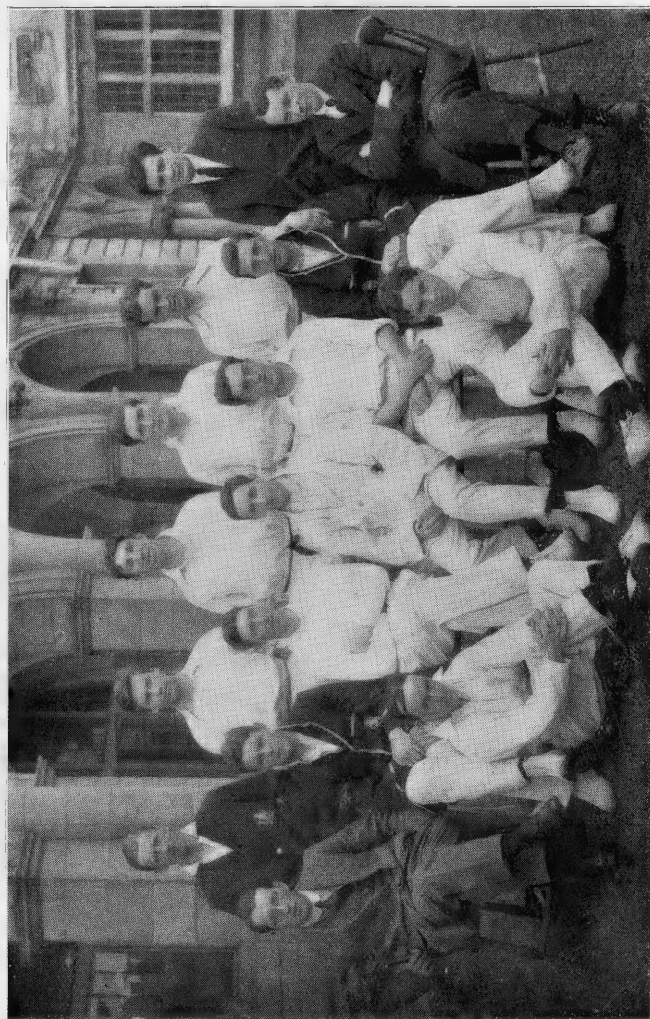
Miss O. V. REES.

OUR Lady President entered Coll. in the Golden Age of 1912. Quietly she has been sowing the seeds which have this year blossomed forth into what amongst the students is held to be the culminating honour in College life. The keenness which she displayed in Hockey and Gymnastics at her native Porth has not, unfortunately, found expression in her undergraduate days here. Music has engaged much of her attention, and she is a prominent member of the Aberdare Hall Choir and Welsh dramatics. She does a deal of good work in connection with the Settlement, and has strong views on the C.U. In the social life of Coll., as Secretary of the Social Teas Committee, she was last Session responsible for the success of the functions of that Committee. She has wooed literature with success and has been rewarded with an Honours Degree. Spirited and energetic, she exercises great influence generally.

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# THE COLLEGE CRICKET ELEVEN - 1915



Back Row—E. JENKINS, M. THOMAS, J. MATTHIAS, D. G. FRANCIS, L. PERROTT, M. MATA DAVIES.  
 2nd Row—CALVIN THOMAS, GLYN ROSSER, GRIFF JONES, W. H. BRYANT (Capt.), T. J. JONES, J. STEVENTON, G. ORIEL  
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## EDITORIAL.

AS an editorial nearly always savours of the common-place and tends to lack interest, this one shall come to a speedy, though not, we hope, to a bad end.

Generally speaking, things are not exactly what they used to be, or what we would like them to be, this Session; that is to say, our activities in social, athletic and divers other directions have been curtailed owing to our conviction that at such a time as the present it would be decidedly inadvisable and ill-considered to attempt to run peace-time programmes in connection with our societies and clubs. However, we have not entirely suspended operations, for some relaxation is needed to relieve the tedium and monotony of studies and lectures, and this we expect to find in some of our usual pastimes and in social intercourse; as an example we may take the "Lit. and Deb.," which as one of the strongest and most interesting societies is carrying out its programme under the humorous guidance of Mr. T. B. Price. Other societies, too, are holding in modified form, a number of meetings, almost all of which are suffering in the matter of membership, inasmuch as many have answered the call of King and Country. Thus in every direction tact and ability are called for of our Officers this Session, qualities which, we are convinced, they will show.

Once more a scheme for establishing an O.T.C. in Coll. is on foot; it is nothing new; many of the older students have long abandoned all hope of seeing it realised, so often has it met rebuff at the War Office. At the moment its chances appear a little rosy, but we must not be too sanguine in returning the verdict just yet;

time alone will tell. Why is Cardiff second to her sister colleges at Aberystwyth and Bangor in this matter? She certainly ought to be on an equal footing with them, therefore we express the hope that before this issue of "Cap and Gown" leaves the press it will be a reality and not another white elephant.

The College Hand Book, a sister publication to this Magazine, is being revised and will soon appear in its altered form. We sincerely hope that every student will consider it his duty to put himself in possession of a copy, without which he can never hope to become acquainted and conversant with the rules and institutions, that form the basis of our College life in Cardiff.

Here a few words may be said about the "Cap and Gown." In the first place it is intended to reflect the traditional student spirit, that is to say, it should always possess something of the irresponsible levity which is the student's prerogative. Now this depends upon the students themselves rather more than on the Editor, who lives ever waiting for copy to present itself. With this end in view the note struck is as much, if not more humorous and personal than serious and abstract, for, by Hercules, each day brings its lot of this latter species. The choice, however, is not altogether free from difficulties, since if care is not taken, charges of vulgarity and bad taste may be levelled against it. Again, the hyper-sensitive mind may take offence, when none is intended; such offence is certainly not intended this Session, inasmuch as viciousness and ill-will are elements, which we decidedly wish to eliminate at such a time as this, aye further, at all times. It must not of necessity be thought that everything light lacks substance; oh, no, very often frivolity accomplishes more than severity. "A touch of humour makes the whole world kin"; kinship means unity which again is strength; a fact which goes to justify our attitude and show that "Cap and Gown" should have a unifying as well as a salubrious effect in Coll.

It is with mingled regret and pride that day after day we see our numbers constantly becoming less and less; regret that fellow students and friends should leave us and that Coll. must be the worse for their going; pride that they are making sacrifices worthy of their spirit, and are joining the Colours for "England, home and beauty." May theirs ever be a pleasant lot.

Now we have reviewed a few of the main features in outline, the Editorial can come to its promised end; not, however, without expressing appreciation and sincere thanks to all who have kindly made any suggestions and otherwise contributed to the Magazine.

W.G.E.

### AN ENGLISH STUDENT IN BERLIN.

AS I knew it, in the days before the War, the "Royal Frederick William University of Berlin" was certainly the largest, and probably the most cosmopolitan university in Europe. Its students numbered over 10,000; and the foreigners among them included representatives of nineteen or twenty different nationalities. Professor Paskowski, a Russian Pole who presided over the class of German for foreigners, once gave a party to all his students, in the course of which everyone was called upon for a speech in his or her native language. The result "had Babel beat to a frazzle," as an American neighbour of mine put it.

But, of course, the vast majority were Germans, and in their organisation and their tastes they presented a sufficiently striking contrast to anything we have in this country. One great difference was the lack of interest in sports—there were no "blues," no teams, no matches; but, by way of compensation there was that thoroughly German institution, the Student Corps. They formed, indeed, the great centre of the social life of the University, and everyone who could was most anxious to join. To some, however, like the famous Borussia, no one who was not of noble birth, was admitted, and they were all more or less exclusive. But once joined, the member was sure of a very good time indeed. There was something military in their organisation, for each had its distinctive uniform, and the officers exercised a considerable amount of authority over the ordinary members. The first year men went by the curious name of "Little Foxes," and the senior in charge of them wore a fox brush fastened over his cap. In the course of the Semester each corps had a number of meetings, held in its own club house; there were the regular weekly or bi-weekly "Kneipes" when the members met to regale themselves with beer and student songs, and also the larger entertainments to which outside visitors were invited. A German student dance is a very enjoyable function, but it is not to be taken too lightly, for it often begins at six in the evening and lasts till six the next morning. And fancy, boiled sausages and herring salad for supper! On special occasions the officers appeared magnificent in black velvet and ostrich plumes of the corps colours and wonderful things were done with clashing swords in the picturesque ceremony of the *Landes Vater*. Sometimes, too, when there was a public festival, all the corps would unite in a torch-light procession as they did to mark the Kaiser's semi-Jubilee.

On the whole it was a very pleasant thing to be a Berlin student in those days, and a matriculation card, obtained after listening to a long address from the Chancellor and solemnly shaking hands with him as a pledge of readiness to abide by the constitution and

laws of the University, carried with it a number of privileges not to be despised. On showing it the holder could, like an officer in the army, pass through police lines when there was a procession to see; he could not, in case of disturbance, be arrested as readily as an ordinary citizen, for he was regarded as standing in a direct personal relation to the Kaiser; and finally he could buy theatre and concert tickets at a very considerably reduced rate. Great use was made of the last privilege, and the students were connoisseurs of music and the drama. Acting and production were generally good, but I have never forgiven the Deutsches Theatre, supposed to be the best in Berlin—for making Puck go on all fours and giving him a spotted skin and a tail.

On the side of work there was naturally less to strike a foreigner as strange. Each department was very well equipped with its own seminars, library and institute for research, and a great deal of very hard work was done. The classes were as a rule very large, but neither Professors nor students wore academic dress. Some of the staff were, of course, scholars of world-wide reputation, like von Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, and their classrooms were crowded with enthusiasts of every nationality. My first interview with Geheimrat Norden, my own professor, is memorable as the one and only occasion on which I spoke Latin for practical purposes. Unlike the majority of his countrymen he spoke neither English nor French, and at that time my German was in like case, so after some vain attempts to understand each other we had to fall back on the universal language. But I have since wondered what Cicero would have thought of my explanations of where I came from, what I wanted to do, and what were my qualifications for doing it.

I was not, perhaps, suspicious enough to try to look very far below the surface; but the Berlin student struck me as a very pleasant companion both for work and play, simpler, on the whole, in his enjoyments and less exacting in his tastes, than his English counterpart. I certainly enjoyed my time among them most thoroughly; and it is to me not the least distressing reflection that arises now, that some of those I used to know and like, have been engulfed in that unspeakable army that has made the name of Germany a byword in every civilized country. One of their own songs has the words:—

Golden prime of student days  
Far from me are now thy ways;  
Wilt thou never come again  
Joy and freedom in thy train?

and we must answer, as far as English and German are concerned, never in the lifetime of this generation and for long years afterwards. For how could it, in the nature of things?

### THE PROPOSED O.T.C. : ITS CONSTITUTION.

TO two certain aspiring young ladies has been entrusted the task of drafting the constitution governing the proposed O.T.C., and despite the many difficulties militating against them (for an organiser should possess ability) we feel that they have, in a measure, succeeded remarkably well. Unfortunately, they seem to have been labouring under the illusion that the above was either a comic affair or a reserve of officers for the V.T.C. Their combined effort is appended.

#### TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Whereas there is afoot a movement in favour of an O.T.C. for Cardiff Coll., we, the undersigned, being in full possession of our mental faculties and also having a true conception of the difficulties in which our country finds itself, hereby declare that should the movement aforementioned be successful, the following rules shall be rigidly enforced :—

Rule 1.—The Corps shall be under the direct guidance of a committee of seven gentlemen, each of whom must be medically unfit for service with H.M. forces. A lack of mental ability will be considered an asset in anyone aspiring to committee rank.

Rule 2.—The membership of the Corps shall not be limited in its number, but shall include *ad inf.* all such persons who are blessed with a leg or legs of wood or who possess the further peculiar advantage of having to plough life's soil with one arm.

N.B.—A leg of mutton or a leg of lamb being for temporary use only, the possession of such shall not in consequence of its ownership be entitled to membership.

Rule 3.—The non-com. officers shall be selected from amongst those who are most medically unfit. They shall consist of a body or of a partial body of men to the number of eleven, so arranged in order of rank that at all times there shall be 2 sergeants, 4 corporals and 5 lance-corporals.

(a) The drills shall always be conducted by the senior sergeant, for which rank only dumb persons shall be eligible.

(b) The privates of the Corps shall, as far as possible, be deaf persons, and they must provide their own ear trumpets.

(c) An essential possession of a corporal shall be at least one wooden leg of oak, so that the lower ranks shall have a solid understanding.

Rule 4.—The higher commands shall be allotted only to persons who, on account of years, are unable to walk and are, in consequence,



dependent for their locomotive power upon either a push chair or a perambulator.

Rule 5.—All such officers shall be saluted when met in the haunts of men. When a member, possessing no legs, meets an officer he shall come to attention, and present his crutch in the approved manner.

A member being devoid of both arms shall in such eventualities wink the eye next to the officer. If the eye is missing he need not wink, but should endeavour to turn up his nose as a sign of recognition.

BRYCHAN AP-RHYS.

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### THE SWOT.

“FOR goodness sake, shut that confounded door ;  
 I really can't be bothered any more.  
 Each minute of the day, come strutting in  
 Unwanted guests who chat and grin  
 And waste my precious time. One tries to coax  
 Me to a Social, match, or some such hoax ;  
 One wants a book, another some spare cash,  
 But though a Fresher, I'm not quite so rash.  
 Some wild enthusiasts advocate the charms  
 Of picture-hall, or play, or singing psalms ;  
 But, resolute I've hitherto withstood  
 Such eloquence expended 'for my good.'  
 This term no solid work yet have I done.  
 Don't laugh ; you rather seem to think it fun,  
 To fill the digs with noisy, idle fools  
 Who break the peace, the furniture and rules ;  
 Who dance and sing and rave with frantic yells,  
 And whom no thought of Brasso ever quells ;  
 Who think their vocal music heaven sent  
 So that our landlord now hath raised the rent.  
 I say, no longer will I stand this rout ;  
 Alas ! is that the town clock chiming out ?  
 My work awaits me, now must I to it  
 Or on the fatal day I shall rue it.”  
 The Swot, his Friend thus angrily addressed,  
 Who leaves him to his work, and goes to rest.  
 For lost time now he strives to make amends,  
 And o'er his book his towelled brow he bends,  
 In contemplation of the deeds of old ;  
 He swears because he finds his coffee cold.

Oh, what a woeful life must be his lot,  
An automatic print absorbing swot.  
His one aim academic eminence,  
He leavens knowledge with but little sense.  
While from the joys of life he dwells apart,  
Within the confines of his single art.  
With practised skill this parasite, we find,  
With labour culls to feed his vacant mind ;  
Assimilating other's verbiage  
So that all pedants call him sage.  
By accident he may acquire a thought  
But thinks all borrowed, thus himself has wrought.  
So wise in his abysmal ignorance,  
He fails to see his insignificance.  
His puny figure, when the learned meet,  
Looms large but in his own blind self-conceit.  
His feeble, pampered, parasitic brain,  
Would hardly bear the unexperienced strain  
Of fresh, original constructive thought.  
For all he knows at second-hand is bought,  
A vast receptacle of curious facts,  
Of dates and verbs and formulas and acts.  
He has no practical sagacity,  
But just this absorbent capacity.

The Swot in time with plodding, patient care,  
May occupy some professorial chair,  
And there will sit a solitary drudge  
To drone his daily task and grunt and grudge.  
Or like an animated storage tank  
That drains the dregs of every learned crank,  
Flows by the hour as though a tap were turned,  
And o'er again his lumber store is learned.  
To men who live and act, he seems a child  
For ever babbling nonsense vague and wild.  
He knows he cannot 'act,' so tries to teach  
And sets himself to criticise and preach.

But see the Swot still in his student days,  
He seldom walks abroad and never plays,  
For ever lurking in his lonely lair,  
Like some uncouth, cross-grained and outcast bear.  
Behold him as he wakens late at morn,  
Half asleep, unshaven, and unshorn.  
With wild, unseemly haste he breaks his fast,

But weeps to find his lecture hour past.  
 Oh, what a sad distortion of a Man  
 Lean, and bent, bespectacled and wan.  
 His limbs have lost their native strength and use,  
 While of his mind he makes a sad abuse.  
 O, youth, who hope some day to enter college,  
 Beware that what you seek may be true knowledge.  
 True knowledge never can be thus attained,  
 For not from books alone may this be gained.  
 But with intelligence about you look,  
 Read human nature like an open book ;  
 Learn to live, to think and ruminate,  
 The worthless from the good discriminate.  
 Be human, wise, intelligent, but not  
 An automatic print-absorbing Swot.

D. A. L.

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### RESEARCH IN A PIPE AT BURRY PORT.

*A Thesis on Catalysis.*

My most annoying Examiner,

In reply to yours of May last, I am forwarding you a thesis on the above. It has caused me many hours of anxious thought ; many a time have I longed for a "Daniel," and often have the "pipes" been calling me to rest. But "nevaire, nevaire" will I, while Catalysis with all its pitfalls remains undefined. There is more in catalysis than meets the eye ; it contains a "cat" and yet has nothing to do with cats ; it is somewhat like "analysis" in form, but yet to a close observer there is a difference of one letter between the two. Allied to "Catalysis" in form is "Cation." Now, Cation is not the "iron" cat any more than its antithesis anion is "iron" Anne. Iron Annes are rare ; it is generally the case of lovely Annes. Moreover, iron is useful. Yet, cation and anion sometimes act catalytically. Let no carping critic say in his folly and his pseudo-wisdom, that all "ions" do so react. The ionic function is an implicit function of existing conditions. An anion carries negative, and a cation affirmative electricity, whereas "flat-irons" carry thermal energy ; and cation and anion can never yield a flat-iron. And these, sir, are not the only ions. We have cast-iron and pig iron ; we have white ion and "on-ion." Pig iron is impure ; it is not so called because it is filthy, although pig-iron can be "smelted." No, sir, filthy iron is different ; it has many aliases. Brass is it called by some, and by others filthy lucre. By many is it sought for and in devious ways. Yet, let no one suppose that because pig-iron can be converted to "steal," that it is therefore

synonymous with filthy lucre and other dishonest things. Rather consider that pig-iron is what the itinerant merchant asks for when, in tones of sweetest melody and with mournful cries poignant with longing they cry aloud "Any old bottles, any old beer, any old iron to-day." Recent research indicates that "on-ion" is feminine, for "cut" a woman and she will retaliate ten-fold; her revenge makes you weep either through sorrow or through merriment. Cut an "on-ion" and you weep copiously though not with merriment. If Plato had not been so fond of "on-ions," those "ion" tears would not have flowed down his "superb-cheek." And just as onion is feminine because it is "soft," so steel is masculine because it is hard and is connected with dishonesty of action. Were not men deceivers ever? Again, Mr. Examiner—Bang, crash. Where am I? On my honour, in a pipe. Away, knave, foreman though you be. If thou darest not to take a "Daniel" in these pipes and in these times of stress, then fie upon you. Leave me, I pray, whilst in the shades of sleep I seek again the Examiner from whom you so forcibly took me, for work becomes me not.

Away, I say,

Thy hopes are vagabonds; all outward bound  
 'Midst sands, and pipes, and storms, to cruise for labour.  
 If gained, dear bought; and better missed than gain'd.  
 For thou payest but sevenpence by the hour.

T.B.P.



#### OUT OF IT.

I FEEL as annoyed as a Tommy  
 Whose pipe is refusing to draw,  
 As annoyed as a pedigree bloodhound  
 Who's sniffed at a circular saw.  
 I feel as annoyed as an actress  
 Who's been "snapped" without showing her teeth,  
 As annoyed as a man who's been chosen  
 To referee Rugby at Neath.  
 I feel so confoundedly silly,  
 I feel I could stamp both my feet,  
*Six months in a large "Eastern County"*  
*And no Zepp. has passed down our street!*

"R.E.G."

## O'R RHONDDA I GAERDYDD.

A MI rhwng cwsg ac effro, clywn gnoc bach wrth ffenestr fy ystafell wely. Neidiais i fyny ar unwaith, ac wedi tynnu ymaith y gorchudd oddiar y ffenestr, gwelais olygfa ysblennydd. Ar y lawnt gyferbyn, dawnsiai geneth ieuanc 'wridgoch fochgoch,' a elwid Y Wawrddydd, yn ysgafndroed, yn cyhoeddi geni bore newydd. Croesawai Natur y newydd-ddyfodwr mewn rhwysg a mawredd, mewn sirioldeb a chan—telorai'r adar ar y llwyni, gwenai'r blodau yn dyner ar fron y ddol, 'sisial' ganai afon Rhondda ei cherdd groeso â chalen bur (hynny yw, cyn i greithiau dulas y lofa anurddo ei gwenfron dryloew), 'a'r haul, chwedl Gwynn Jones, 'a'i dywel melyn' a ddringai'n araf hyd lechweddau Pen Pych;

"O'i lys uchel i sychu

Deigr nos oddiar ddaear ddu."

Taer gymhella'r eneth arnaf ddyfod i Blas Anian i edrych ar lendid a phrydferthwch y baban, ond nis medraf. Pa fedd yr edrychaf ar lawenydd perffaith a santaidd, a mi fy hun yng ngafael pruddglwyf Pryder? Nid bore o lawenydd cyflawn mo hwn i mi; na; bore ag elfen o dristwch ynddo—bore gadael rhyddid y mynydd am gaethiwed (neu efallai benrhyddid) y ddinas, bore gorffen breuddwydio rhwng y grug a'r eithin gan ddechreu cyffwrdd a bywyd yn ei wahanol ac amrywiol agweddau. Llauer awr ddigwsg a dreuliais 'yn breuddwydio ar ddihun' am y bore hwn, ac o'r diwedd wele'r bore'n ffaith, ie, yn ffaith boenus. Cyn pen ychydig byddwn yn sefyll gerbron mainc awdurdodau ac athrawon y Coleg i'm cofrestru, ac i dyngu llw o ffyddlondeb ac ufudd-dod. Ond wele'r awr wedi dod, y mae yn rhaid taflu mantell gwroldeb dros bob cysgod o lwfr-dra a gwendid, a chyfeirio'm camre i orsaf Tre——.

Wedi ychydig o aros, wele fi bellach yn *prysus* deithio yn nhrên y Taff Vale yn fachgen ofnus ac unig a di-gwmni. Yn Nhon——daw nifer o fechgyn i mewn. Deallaf ein bod yn cyfeirio i'r un lle. Yn eu plith gwelir hogyn tal, urddasol ei gerdded, a gwydrau aur-ymyl ar ei drwyn. Bachgen dymunol dros ben ydyw. Ond o syndod! Y mae wedi gorffen yfed chwerw-ddyfroedd Mara bywyd Coleg, ac eto, mor debig ydyw i fechgyn yn gyffredin. Dychwel eleni i ddrachtio o ffynhonnau gloew a phur Elim o gwpan yr Athro Ph——ps, cyn mentro ohono ar anialwch bywyd.

Yn y P——th lliosgir y cwmni, a theithiwn yn awr yn gwmni diddan a chysurus. O'r nifer hwn o fechgyn, un yn unig a dynnodd fy sylw mewn modd arbennig. Y mae o gorff lluniaidd, ei wallt dduded a'r fran, ei fwnwgl wynned ag eiry mynydd, ei lygaid lased a'r wybr, a'i wefus goched a chwrel y traeth. Dengys toriad ei wisg ei fod yn dalp o athrylith 'o'i dop i'w depyn'—am dano ceir cob hirllaes a choler silc iddi. Gorchuddia cloben o 'het dal *gravy*'



chwedl Awen Mona ei wallt modrwyog, ac am ei wddf, goler—un a saif rhwng eiddo Tomos Bartli a Gladstôn ar raddfa datblygiad—a thei ddu. Yn y dei gwelir pin aur mawr—y peth agosaf a welsoch i'r pin het ddefnyddia'r chwiorydd. Prawf y ffaith hon yn eglur fod rhyw angel serch y noson o'r blaen wedi anelu at ei fron, ac i'r saeth wŷro, ac oddiwrth yr amgylchiad hwn y dechreuwyd arfer y ddihareb :

“Treiglo'r arf trwy'r goler wen.”

Y mae efe yn fachgen amryddawn—yn fardd, yn gerddor, yn ddawnsiwr, yn ddynwardwr, yn ddarganfyddwr, etc., etc., etc. (*ad infinitum*). Y mae Gwyddoniaeth, neu efallai yn fwy cywir Seryddiaeth o dan ddyled arbennig iddo ef. Gwyr holl ddarlennwyr y “Cap and Gown” am y cwestiwn mawr a flinai y dysgedigion, sef yw hwnnw, pa un a'i gwr ai ynte gwraig sydd yn y lleuad. Ond bellach y mae'r ymdrafodaeth wedi gorffen. Profodd ein cyfaill mai merch ifanc ydyw, gan y tystia iddi un noson “wenu cariad arno” chwedl Ceiriog, neu i arfer iaith ddeallus, ‘iddi roddi'r *glad eye* iddo.

Wrth fyned rhagom ychwanegai ein rhif nes llanw o'r compartment ym M—t—dd.—sef saith o *stiwedents*, a dieithrddyn a merch fechan a doli bren. Yr oeddym oll fel nifer o Fethodistiad neu Grynwyr, nes gofyn ohonom i'n brawd gynnal cyngerdd.

Agorodd y cyfarfod trwy ganu un o hen alawon Cymru gyda nerth a dylanwad. Siglai'r trê'n o ochr i ochr fel meddwyn, a rhoddai pawb ei ben allan trwy'r ffenestr megis i lyncu pob nodyn a nofiai trwy'r awyr.

Wedi peidio o'r gymeradwyaeth fyddarol, cafwyd adroddiad Saesneg o waith yr adroddwr ei hun. Yn wir dyma gampwaith. Nid oedd swm yn crynu yr awel tra yr adroddai, ond cyn gorffen ohono, clywyd rhyw swm yn y cornel. Trodd pawb i edrych i'w gyfeiriad, ac yno gwelsom y ddoli bren bron boddi yn ei dagrau ei hun. Felly gwelir i'r caletaf o'r cwmni wylu o dan y fath ddylanwad.

Y peth nesaf oedd cân Saesneg, ac i ddangos bod digon o wynt ynddo, daliodd y datganwr un nodyn allan am filltir a chwarter.

Gofod a balla imi draethu yr oll. Ni bu un person cyhoeddus na ddynwardwyd ganddo, dangosodd inni ddawns genedlaethol pob gwlad, a threuliwyd y gweddill o'r rhaglen a'r ‘etcetera.’

Bore llawen iawn oedd y bore cyntaf, erbyn cyrraedd Caerdydd. Trodd y tristwch yn llawenydd, y deigr yn wên, a'r gwendid yn nerth, a diolchaf o galon i fechgyn Cwm Rhondda am fy ngalluogi i ddyfod allan yn groeniach o ffwrnes y praw. Os oes rhywun am weled y llawenydd uchaf ymhlith plant y llawr, treulied orig yng nghwmni efrydwyr Caerdydd ar eu taith foreol o Gwm Rhondda i Gaerdydd.

GLANRHONDDA.

## SHAKESPEARE IN COLL.

*The Marred Drives of Cardiff.*

*Scene :* Outside the Great Entrance. Enter, Bardolf, Nym, and Pistol. (R\*y Ev\*ns, C\*f H\*s, D. A. Lewis).

*Bardolf.*—Wherefore do we now wait on a man who has not credit enough to gain a cup of sack from mine hostess ? (Sees small drab car). Now, i' faith, here's a most strange monster ! What is't, think you ? I' faith, I had forgot, 'tis one of those new fangled French carriages, which run on their own impulsidges back and forth o' the Park. Into her, I say, an ye will show your valour.

*Pistol.*—I would fig him, like the bragging Spaniard, who dares impute my courage ? About her, lads !

*Enter the Watch.* (G\*\*rg\* and G\*lb\*rt).

G\*\*rg\*.—Hold, there ! I myself must reprehend these persons, for I am my Lord's harborough ! Ye must away with me, gentlemen, to my Lord Chief Justice, there to answer for these acts against my Lord's own French waggon.

*Nym.*—A Star-Chamber matter here, lads, a Star-Chamber matter !

*Scene :* Women's Chamber in the Palace.

*Chorus—*

To be or not to be, that is the question !  
 Shall we sew sandbags for our men, or shall we  
 Knit for them mufflers, sacks, or cheerful mittens  
 That they may sleep in comfort ? Or shall it be  
 The socks that we shall knit them shall bring on  
 Foot-soreness, and the thousand fleshly ills  
 That feet are heir to ? This hard question  
 Must give us pause. But hasten we,  
 For enterprises of such pitch and moment  
 With too much thought their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the hour o' Fridays. Soft you, now !  
 A man ? Who comes ? Upon our father's spirit  
 'Tis that most unabashed of wretched men

R\*y\*\*v\*ns.

EEDDEE.

" My words leap up, my thoughts remain below."

(Calvin, in Lit. and Deb.)

" Mad as the sea and wind(ier) when both contend  
 Which is the mightier."

(Nash and Shepherd in Common Room.)

" Methinks, the lady doth protest too much."

(M. W\*\*dr\*ff in History Lects.)

## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE HIPPOLYTUS OF EURIPIDES.

I. (Vv. 73-87). *Hippolytus addresses the Statue of Artemis.*

For thee, my Queen, this garland have I twined  
 Of blossoms from that meadow virginal,  
 Where neither shepherd dares to graze his flock,  
 Nor hath the scythe made entry ; yet the bee  
 Doth haunt the mead, that voyager of Spring,  
 Mid Nature's shyest charm of stream and flower.  
 There may no base one enter : only he  
 Who, taught by instinct, uninstructed else,  
 Hath taken Virtue for his star of life,  
 May pluck the blossoms of that pleasance pure.  
 Come, Queen beloved, for thy shining hair  
 Accept this wreath from hands of innocence !  
 To me alone of all mankind is given  
 Converse to hold and company with thee,  
 Hearing thy voice, although thy face be hid.  
 To the end of life, as now, may I be thine !

II. (Vv. 439-461). *Phaedra's Nurse rebukes her Mistress.*

Thy love—why marvel thereat ? 'Tis the tale  
 Of many. Would'st thou slay thyself for love ?  
 Good sooth ! A guerdon strange, if lovers now  
 And evermore should meet such penalty !  
 Who may withstand the Cyprian's rising flood ?  
 Yield to her spell, she comes in gentleness ;  
 Make high thy pride and stand on niceties,  
 She flings thee pell-mell into igaominy.  
 Amid the sky she walks, amid the surge  
 Of the sea-billows. All things live from her.  
 The seed is hers and hers the yearning throe  
 Whence spring we all that tread the ways of earth.  
 Ask them that con the half-forgotten seers  
 Of elder time, and serve the Muse themselves.—  
 They know how Zeus once pined for Semele,  
 How for love's sake the Goddess of the Dawn  
 Stooped from her radiant sphere to Cephalus  
 And stole him to the sky. Yet these abide  
 In Heaven, nor shun the presence of the gods,  
 Bowing, belike, to conquering circumstance.  
 And wilt not *thou* ? Nay, if this law thou spurnest,  
 Thy sire, when he begat thee, should have writ  
 Some strange indenture made with gods unknown !

III. (Vv. 732-751). *Part of a Choric Song.*

In yon precipice-cleft might I hide me from sorrow,  
 And God, in his love, of the air make me free !  
 Ah, to speed with the sea-gulls—alight on the morrow,  
 Where Eridanus mingles his waves with the sea !  
 There for ever the sisters of Phæthon languish,  
 For grief of his fate, bowing hushed o'er the stream ;  
 Like eyes in the gloaming, the tears of their anguish  
 Up through the dark water as amber-drops gleam.

Or far let me wing to the fæery beaches  
 Where the Maids of the Sunset 'neath apple-boughs dance,  
 And the Lord of the Waters his last purple reaches  
 Hath closed to the mariner's restless advance ;  
 Where from Atlas the sky arches down o'er the streaming  
 Of the deep, and the spring of Eternity flows  
 Where the mansion of Zeus on Earth's bosom is dreaming  
 'Mid life like a lily and bliss like a rose ! G.N.

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**THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.**

Whether Prof. Th\*ms\*n has heard Larry Hauder sing "It's s'nice to get up in the morning, but it's s'nicer to stay in bed."

Why the girls on Swansea Prom. were bewitched by Cutter's smile.

What the London actress thinks of R. L. J\*mes, and what he doesn't think of her ? Whether there is any "hope" for him.

Should Handel and Billie be recommended for aiding the old lady in Duke Street ? They certainly displayed the proper spirit.

The definition of a "daniel."

Who killed poor old Robin.

Whether the conditions prevailing in the Monday Hygiene classes are "hygienic."

Why a certain young lady doesn't play hockey this season.

What a number of young ladies were doing during the interval at the Social Tea.

What attractions other than music B\*w\*n and E\*\*n J\*m\*s had at the Carl Rosa.

### THE BLUES.

FEW and far between have the exciting moments of my brief existence been, but my life has not been entirely devoid of those extraordinary incidents that serve to relieve the monotony of everyday humdrum life.

It was one foggy day in December that I left Hereford Town *en route* for Milford. The dulness and heaviness of the weather had found its way into my spirits, but that depressing monotony which resulted was soon to be dispersed by an experience which if unpleasant was at least exciting.

Arriving at Cardiff Station I had to change trains and take the Fishguard express which should carry me to my destination. I sat on a station seat and was soon joined by a dark, foreign-looking gentleman. He was short and thick set, his complexion sallow, whilst his eyes shot nervously now in this direction, now in that, and his general bearing suggested something of haunted nervousness or fear.

My strange companion after sitting for a time in silence, the while's casting nervous glances at his portmanteau, which he had placed on a small truck standing near by, at length broke into conversation.

"Where are you bound for?" he asked me in good English which, however, gave evidence of a slight foreign accent.

I explained to him that I was going to Milford by the Fishguard express.

"Strange," he replied, "that is where I am going to also. May I suggest that we travel down together?"

I explained to him that his company would be very acceptable and would serve greatly to relieve the tedium of the journey.

The express was already overdue when he suddenly rose from his seat and after a nervous glance at his portmanteau, explained to me that he had forgotten to book his ticket.

"Please keep an eye on my bag whilst I go and book" was his request. I readily assented. He then hurried to the booking office, but after every few paces cast eager and almost feverish glances behind him at the truck on which his bag rested.

I awaited his return but before he reappeared the express thundered into the station. I deemed it advisable to take a seat at once and so walked to where his bag was placed, with the intention of taking it with me into the compartment. I took hold of the portmanteau, but it was only by straining every effort that I



managed at length to transfer it to the seat of my carriage. So great was its weight that I failed completely to place it on the luggage rack.

The station was all bustle. Luggage vans were quickly emptied and filled again with other baggage. Tickets were examined and the doors slammed, but my strange unknown companion did not put in a reappearance. I began to wonder whether I had acted wisely in bringing in the portmanteau and had just decided to put it back on the platform when a shrill whistle, and off moved the express.

I hurried to the window of the carriage to see if the owner of the bag was in sight. As I looked out I noticed a tall gentleman, very stylishly dressed in morning coat and silk hat, rush on to the platform and speak to the guard, who was just boarding the train. The guard at once blew his whistle—waved a red flag and the express had no sooner started than she was brought to a standstill. The carriage in which I was seated was by now just at the end of the platform. The tall gentleman slowly walked down the train, looking eagerly into every compartment. However, he did not enter until he arrived at my carriage. As soon as he looked in, his eyes settled with a satisfied and jubilant stare on the mysterious bag.

I was alone in the carriage until he entered. "At last I have you," he said. "Pardon me," I replied, "but I fail to understand you."

"Oh, yes, of course, I expected that," he said sourly, "but my men have not tracked you and that bag for the last three days to be baulked of their prey by your protestations of innocence. I am Detective Inspector Clarence and I will trouble you to open that bag."

The man had stated his authority for such a demand, but I had no proof of the truth of his assertion, so I determined to resist him. I explained to him that the owner of the bag had entrusted it to my care and had gone to book his ticket, but had not returned.

"I will not open the bag," I asserted, "nor, sir, will you do so whilst it is in my charge."

"Oh, that's your attitude. Well"—a nod to two policemen who were on the platform, and before I could protest I was handcuffed and placed on one side whilst the Inspector opened the bag with a master key which he had amongst a number of skeletons.

The bag sprung open, and its weight was explained when I saw that one compartment contained an up-to-date set of house-breaking tools—the other some magnificent gold and silver plate.

"Thought so," he said with a grunt of satisfaction—"I arrest you in the name of the King."

"A bother to you and your arrest," I replied as I endeavoured to prove that I was not the owner of the bag. Then, like a flash the truth dawned upon me that I had been duped, and my strange companion knowing the police to be hot on his heels had cunningly eluded pursuit by transferring the bag to me. I endeavoured, by showing my ticket which I had taken at Hereford that morning, to prove my innocence.

"Have a care," was the inspector's only reply, "All you say will be used as evidence against you."

I was then hurried out of the train into the "Black Maria," and then to the gaol. I was placed in the suspect cell, and horror—but, oh what a knocking—whence this familiar voice; what does it mean? "You really must get up, sir. Your breakfast is quite cold."

I got up hastily, but I'd missed another "niner."

D.O.T.

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### "CAP AND GOWN."

(A certain Fresher on the first day of term proudly strutted through the streets on his way to Coll. wearing a brand new cap and gown; the result was that the 'poet' found himself conning the following verses.)

*(With apologies to Coleridge),*

The mag. was here! the mag. was there!

The mag. was all around!

'Twas read in lecs. by either sex,

(When Profs. were too profound).

A common sight! A common sight!

A common sight, 'twas seen:

By rippling brook, coll. man and cook

With 'Cap and Gown' as screen.

"That time is past!" Alas! 'tis gone,

(Not so, the 'Cap and Gown').

A Fresher came, to keep its fame

And all its great renown.

So very dear! So very dear!

To him the Cap and Gown.

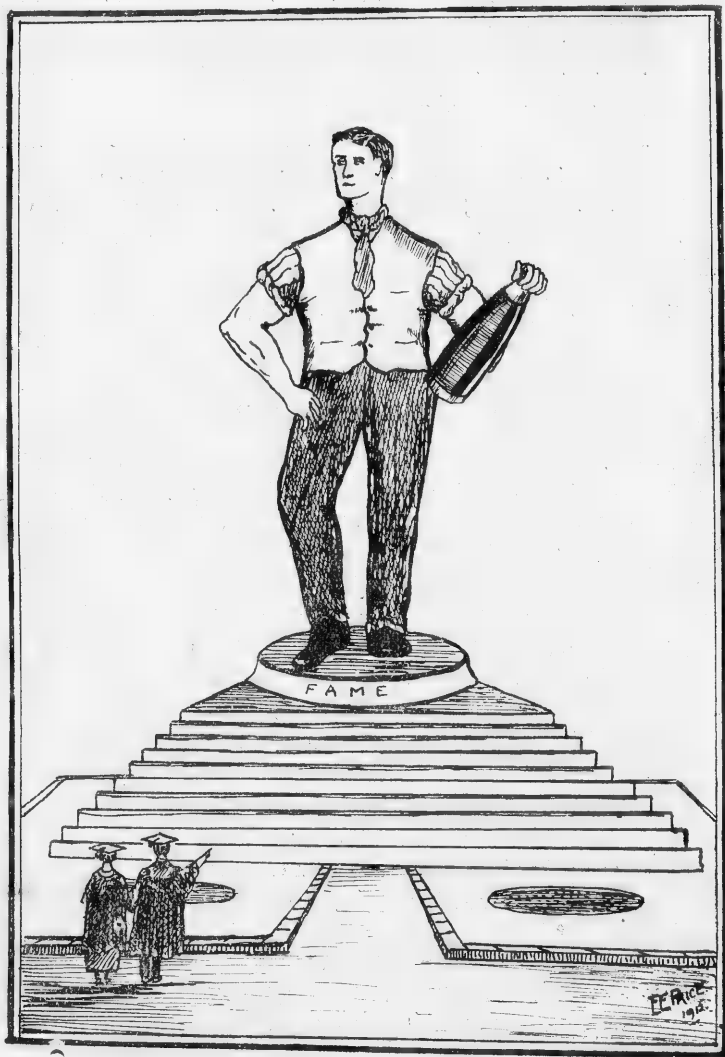
He could not part them from his heart

So wore them right through town.

—S.

**HOW WE MUNITIONED.**

IT is the fashion to be patriotic and to try and do something, just at present. Consequently, a number of us in a weak moment and without due consideration decided to go and work—for once the

**"LABOR SWANCIT OMNIA."**

word receives its correct application—at Messrs. Nobel's Explosive Works at Burry Port. It was an unique experience for most of us—I don't mean that work is alien to our lives; we all do a little sometimes for it takes a little brain-work to cut lecs. systematically

and to kid ourselves we are getting on—but the whole sum of events was new to most of us, and if I read my friends aright it has sufficed.

“All experience is an arch wherethrough

Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades

For ever and for ever as I gaze.”

Personally I felt extremely pleased with the world, which faded as I gazed from the train leaving Burry Port for Cardiff. But now I come to think of it I didn't gaze because of the grumpy old chap in the corner who objected to smoking. But I anticipate, as the novels say.

Perhaps I should describe a typical day. Our first task was to get up. This was no easy matter. Of course, it was easy the first morning, new beds, strange surroundings, excitement of fresh experience and youthful spirits are not conducive to sleep. But later—Ugh! How my clock stood the looks I gave it I fail to understand, and I dare not mention the other things besides looks which were hurled at its dear old head. However, with that malignity which characterises inanimate objects it raised its ultra-melodious voice at 5.30. We got up in grim silence, making a short grunt on the weather—it was nearly always fine, thank Goodness! And with one eye shut and the other nearly so, succeeded in getting into our clothes. A cup of something hot and another grunt or two saw us outside. Cold? Oh, no! (not half). Well, the mail—a complimentary title—waited to convey us to work over the two miles or so connecting the works with the main line. This mail consisted of about 20 to 24 trucks and a locomotive. Into the trucks we had to scramble as best we could, and more grunts followed. Into each truck anything from 30 to 40 men packed themselves, and one morning I counted 60 in one truck! We reached work at 6.30. Wrong again. We reached the Works at 6.30. and going quickly to the mess room—true word!—we finished our night's rest. Those who did not board themselves also took the opportunity of examining in bran-tub fashion what their landladies had given them for meals. Funny creations, landladies. At first they give you piles of meat. Towards the end they slack off. Even then they don't give satisfaction, for one of our number, on opening his basket—we all carried baskets and billy cans, or their equivalents—actually found a square inch of meat between two rounds of bread, and he at once fainted away with surprise. I dare not describe our work. There are spies in England still. We had a lot to do with earthenware pipes, much more than some would imagine, hadn't we, Wyndham and Billey? Ah! 'tis a wicked world!! We had half-an-hour for breakfast, and half for dinner, which time we lost. These I should add were

the official hours. If we took more "that's no concern o' you'r'n." The ladies would have enjoyed seeing the fellows trooping out with their teapots to make their tea. The door of our room had a propensity to keep open and would seem, judging by the remarks hurled at people who left it open to be covered with something red and essential to life, though even a close examination failed to disclose anything of the sort to me. The scenery all round was great!—especially from certain parts of our work, and evidently many people went to have a closer investigation thereof. Words fail to describe it, and hence I will leave it to the imagination—perhaps it's for the best.

We "knocked off" at 5 p.m. and waited for the "mail" if we lived in Burry Port. Some energetic people preferred to live in Llanelly, and I think the less I say of "*modus vivendi*" there the better for their comfort. Boys, however, will be boys, you know. A good wash with the basin perched on the garden wall and its contents pitched into the adjoining field, when finished with, and a change, gave place to a very hearty meal. Then we assembled on the pier, another complimentary title, and true to tradition, and burst into song. At least we did at first. Later, however, our numbers dwindled considerably. People had a sudden desire to investigate the burroughs or the surrounding hills by night, and seeing that a night walk alone is very unexciting, they sought—and found company. Pedigree was ignored, for fathers ranged from night-toilers to captains. But sordid family history is unnecessary here. Later we returned home and cut our meals for next day, took our suppers, and retired.

People at the works took a very sane view of things and we soon learnt to do the same. On the day we arrived, a man fell from a high scaffold and broke his arm, as well as his fall. We were told when sitting on the trucks to sit on the sides, not the ends, so that if we fell we would not be hurt so much. Cheerful, isn't it?

Of course, we had a funny fellow in our gang. His father, I believe, was a cab-horse in Aberfnha-fnha, though of this I would not be sure. If we watched him unawares we generally heard musings on Lizzy Ann. Whether this is a lady's name or that of a ship, or merely a term for the material they put on garden paths, I am not at liberty to say.

Of course, we had a Smoker. What gang of Cardiff men would be thrown together long without having a smoker? Several ditties were popular, but one of us persisted in singing a soulful ballad indicating remarkable hospitality. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." All those who didn't hear it

should at once sing the "Nun Danket" at treble-forte. He desired to ask his friend Brown to tea. Nothing very remarkable in that—say you, no, but he would invite the rest of his family as well, even unto the third and fourth generation. Other boys who persisted in saying they were not merry either insisted with stentorian tones on having order for the chair or wanting to fight the world in general, and *a propos* of merriness it is on record that street lamps can be mistaken for disastrous fires.

Saturdays saw a strange goings-on. Having been paid at 12, a rapid exit was made, and dungarees, putties, heavy boots and old togs soon gave place to light suits and shoes, socks—phew!—and hats at a good tilt. Some were so wealthy that they could afford to wear yellow socks to work, but that was denied to most of us. Though one of our navvies seemed to have a plentiful supply, judging by the times he changed them.

There are a thousand and one things one could say about such a time. On the whole it was good, and though hard, it might have been much worse, for we had glorious weather. We were fairly well united, and never had more than a dozen quarrels a day at the outside. At the start we felt completely out of it as the man said when he fell out of the ball-room, but we soon settled down to it, and many I believe were sorry to leave the associations, though the work was another matter. Moreover, if you watch the postmarks of various missives coming to Coll. and the various digs they will tell their own tale. But that is nought to do with you, me, or this article, and hence TACE.

H. J. REES.

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### THINGS WE CAN'T IMAGINE.

R\*s\*nb\*\*m sprinting.

Tommy and S\*lb\* in a cycle race.  
The former's bike standing the strain.

What Gladstone said in 1880.  
What Roy thought he had said !!

Effie Morgan finding a battalion which is not out in the wet in France.

Sheldrick getting the "bob" for the Choral Society from the Normals.

T. Powel lacking dash.

## OF CHESSEPLAY.\*

*Scacchorum*

inventor Ulixes :

*Pedes.**Ovide "Met."**iiij. 322 :**id. ib. ix. 785 :**Regina.**Alficus.*Longo uenit ille  
recessu; qui stetit  
in speculis :*Miles :**Rochus :**Biceps* ut recto  
grassetur limite  
miles.

I OWE more (methinkes) to the *Greekes* than to the *Troiens*. Wherefore, since I haue been bold to saie somewhat of the game of *Troie*, I will speake now of the game and play of the chesse, which (as it is commonly said) sprang from that subtill and wittie head of *Ulixes*. Now the manner of the play is this: the footmen are arrayed in one line, the rest of the people in diuers places suiting vnto their seuerall offices. Howbeit according to that primitiue and *Ulixean* order, these same footmen or serieaunts shall be set all in the second line of the checker, and the honourabler persons in the first ranke thereof. The footman goeth forth right, vnless he see his foe hard by him, when he leapeth sideward vpon him, as it were from a bushment. Moreouer, if this poore serieaunt finish his iorney, so as he come euen to the vttermost ranke of the checker, straightway at this his *Gades* and Pillars of *Hercules*, he changeth his name and sexe, as *Tiresias*, and becommeth queene and lady. Yet more, like another *Iphis*, he goeth after another fashion, when he who went a forthright pace (being but a humble serieaunt) now goeth aslant and indirectly, (being sublimed into the estate of royaltie).

The owld man presenting *Nestor's* age and reuerend lockes, is of all called *Alphyn*; he walketh subtilly and with cunning indirection, to spie out the land, and to lie in wait for the enemy.

The Soldiour, like them that followe a campe, joineth to that slow step of the serieaunt, the croocked going of the queen, as one that goeth right forth, when he is seene of men, but may (if he wil) make vse priuily of more vantageable going.

The Rooke is the swiftest souldiour, and called of the auncients *Janus Biceps* or two-headed, since he is with .ij. heads doubly armed: he goeth proudly as one who thinketh foule scorne to walk any waie but continually forward.

\* A free paraphrase of Alexander Necka .i., *De Naturis Rerum*, cap. CLXXIV, R.S. ed. p. 324.



*Rex.*

Now the Kinge doth his pleasure, and goeth now cornerwise, now forthright, as him liketh, and his roiall person may not be taken prisoner (I speak of the chesse, not of that mortall and real warfare). Whence *Ludovick* the fat king of the *Frenche*, being worsted in battell by our *English Henry .j.*, and in point to be taken by a keen knight (who nowe laying hand vpon his horse's bridle cried that the king was taken), "Awaie ! lewd knave ! (saies he), that knowest not that the king (in chesse) may not be taken !" and with that he smiteth the knight so horrible a blow with his sword, that as a lightning stroak it shore his bodie asunder.

*Iohann Sarisbur*

Is capiet palmam  
qui bona fata  
iuuant :

Methinks it is a prety thing to consider, how earnestly they that play at the chesse, wrinkle their browes with frowning, and their mindes with thought ; how they moile and sweat to win, as men that were like to gaine some great matter, euen a laureat wreath and golden victorie.

Fac pereat  
uitreo miles ab  
hoste tuus :

He that loseth the mate at chesse is in such deadly dumpes and sadness, as if he were in peril of his life—nay, of his saluation. But presentlie recalling himselfe, he tryeth a fall againe ; again the lists are set, the commons again go forth soberly against their enimies : and each of these plaiers bendeth vp all his powers, and stretcheth each nerue and strong senewe of the mind, that like bowes they may shoote deadly arrows against his opposite. In this practice and vse of the full power of the minde, (they think), consisteth a goodly and healthful exercise ; but it is not so, for rather it leadeth to a drowsie dulness and hebetation of the spirites. Nay more, there arise many times pale-cheekt anger and red furies of the soule ; and presently there leape forth shrewd and cursed words, so as the game declineth into the baseness of a tauern brawl, rather than translateth into the noble style of a graue and pregnant businesse. O ! how manie soules have been sent to hot Hell, through hot anger begotten of this chesse : euen as that *Reginald*

non laxat, ut  
*Plinius*, sed magis  
hebetat.

*Scaccilis*  
descensus  
Auerno :

son of *Eymund*, being at play in the palace of  
*King Charles* the great, with a noble brother in  
 armes, slew him with a chessman of massy  
 ivory, vpon some passing quarrell.

NAUPLIADES.

**"BILLIE MAGEE, MAGA."**

The cooks this year should have a chance,

Oh, Billy Magee, Maga !

Their own opinions to advance ;

Oh Billy, etc.

With Calvin captain of the ship,

And a crew of 'nuts' to make things rip,

I 'guess they oughter sail this trip.'

Oh, Billy, etc.

Of Lit. and Deb. there's a president,—'some'

Oh, Billy Magee, Maga !

Who says he will slay, if the speakers are glum,

Oh, Billy, etc.

When he threatens with puns and hurls at you 'sarc.'

Please don't be afraid (it's only a lark)

For he's just like some dogs,—does nothing but bark,

Oh, Billy, etc.

Prof. Barbier felt so lonely here,

Oh, Billy Magee, Maga !

(It has nothing to do with the price of beer),

Oh, Billy, etc.

But in case that Francke should lose his hair

He is now reinforced by his daughter fair,

To face the foe, oh, noble pair !

Oh, Billy, etc.

Some fellows in Coll. have acquired the knack,

Oh, Billy Magee, Maga !

Of playing the goat with their 'tich'ng' prac.

Oh, Billy, etc.

But, as one or two have doubtlessly found,

What Tich means by 'teaching' is not 'mucking round,'

And when you're in court his view stands its ground.

Oh, Billy, etc.

**ON DIT.**

That Professor B\*rbier is well versed in the Parable of the Sower.

---

That the bell(e) from the Cookery School has been seen near Roath Park.

---

That in Hades the spirits enjoy one eternal booze. (So Musaeus says).

That some think that practice here makes master below

---

That the ladies do more yarnning than darning "darn" in the Hall

We do believe, we will believe.

---

That L\*wis Jon\*s gives exhibitions on Platonic friendship in the Lib. !

That we say " Not there, my child, not there ! "

---

That N\*nc\* has a " Handel " to her name again.

That Joe knows how to turn it.

---

That G\*I\*d\*s M. is a descendant of William the Silent.

That unlike him, she is hardly silent.

---

That it is unfortunate to start life with a weak ankle.

---

That there is a D.C.M. in Coll.

That he is quite tame, although he might be muzzled.

---

That the Lib. is haunted.

That De Normann's ghost visits the cloistered hall.

---

That she appeared so beautiful with hair dishevelled.

That Calvin had to go and get a doctor.

That ever since he has not ceased to dilate on the variety and charming designs of the dressing gowns.

---

That B\*rtl\*tt has a cross.

That it has something to do with a ' red nurse.'

### “DE PROFUNDIS.”

(An Aged Stu.'s Advice to Freshers).

IT is all too true : *O tempora o mores* ; yet had I not seen I *could* not have believed. How has this age deteriorated ! I remember a time—'twas many a year ago—when a Fresher who dared to spend any part of his first Term in the Temple sacred to Learning—to wit, the Lib.—was held to have sinned unpardonably. But *nos mutamur, mutantur omnia.*

To thee, Fresher, must I speak, with good intent, but in no loving terms, for thou must needs learn thy lesson.

In the Temple of Learning, many ere this Adonis-like have sought to follow their loves, and now they have their rewards. Some sought Aphrodite—they pipped ; others worshipped Athene—they still toil, for the reward of labour is LABOUR ; others, full many were they, courted Lethe—and still they dream ; and would'st thou, thou fledgling, desecrate so holy a fane ? It is no place for thee : When thou art a Session older and wiser thou wilt perchance adapt thyself to thy surroundings. At present remember *μηδὲν ἄγαν* “put the brake on.”

I saw thee gazing in admiration on the bust of the Blessed Homer of Sacred Memory (R.I.P.), and thou did'st seem to imagine, vain youth, thine similarly adorning this Temple. There are yet empty niches ; but not for thee, no, not for THEE. Hast thou no respect for thy betters ? Why, surely the Profs. are just a little thy superiors ! Respect, therefore, this Sacred Building, and for a time, KEEP AWAY OFTEN.

Thy College hath a motto !! Many and clever were they who chose it, and noble was their choice.

The Bard wrote “*Juvat integros accedere fontes atque haurire.*” “Atque haurire,” indeed ! Thy betters would have none of it. Remember this : approach the fount if you like, but Hercle ! for the sake of common decency don't be greedy ; be content yet a while with sips.

Again, when in the Temple of Rest—thou knowest it but ill, it is known by the plebeian element, which thou would'st shun, as the “Common Room”—do not adopt that attitude which befits thee not. Thou can'st not with propriety say “*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*” Remember the Tale of the Jackdaw. And do not, I humbly implore thee, tell people that “thou lovest Philosophy,” nor that “Phil. is so allied to Theology,” nor that “Greek is a delightful language.” and remember that it does not pay to try and

make people think thou art aught but a Fresher. Not all the soap in Sunlight Town nor all Vesuvius' Pumice Stone will cleanse thee of thy tell-tale marks. *Tempus solum tibi novitatem delebit.*

Thou lady Fresher, too—it grieves me sore to chide thee; but Thou art also guilty.

“*Quo, quo scelesti ruitis?*”

Be advised in time, ye Freshers. Listen to your Elders. Remember, that the College functions have their uses, and that if you do not enjoy your College days you will bitterly regret later.

E.J.

---

### HAVE YOU HEARD THAT—

C\*r\*d\*g, Griff. M\*rtin and Wm. L\*w\*s are evidently looking for good testimonials.

C\*r\*d\*g's psychological experiment qualify him for the chair in psychology—and an electrocution chair.

The reformer has come to life again.

He is now exerting his energies on the normal department.

His parents evidently knew his capabilities when they christened him.

Griff talks about shirking but goes on working.

“There is a happy land, far, far, away.” For parties, apply to A. J. Sh\*ld\*ick, or any ministerial.

Prof. Ph\*ll\*ps says that the sound of a body is an indication of its voluminousness.

We don't think!

We've heard him.

John Thomas is my name.

It's appropriate.

Reesie is bringing out a new and improved edition of the Torrey-Alexander Hymn Book.

Star of the Evening is to be included.

**"IN MEMORIAM."**

Lovingly and otherwise of shades, that have left Coll. for  
pastures new.

---

## H. GOLLÖP.

Suddenly on June 12th, 1915, at Roath Park, through lock-jaw and other complications to which he was, we gather, from youth constitutionally addicted. Symptoms had manifested themselves in his early Coll. career, but after a heated discussion on Education in the Lit. and Deb. he gave way, and it became clear that the end was not far off. Like all who are truly great he had a peculiarity; in his case this was a mania for office and membership of clubs, committees, picnics, and Sunday School outings. J\*nn\*r still bears some scars of wounds inflicted by arrows despatched from the bow of his sarcastic wit. "Greatly missed."

---

## J. AFAN JONES.

Died of a "broken heart," after a "*cheque-ered*" career (Normals, please note!), through having to wait for Whitsun annually, and through the worry of the financial and economic affairs of the S.R.C. Popular among the fair sex, he was also a mainstay of "Coll. Smokers" until the end of the evening, when he invariably collapsed from exhaustion as a result of the vigorous part he had played. An able and popular member of the Coll. Rugger Team for several years in succession. Promotion came deservedly rapid in his case. Public opinion dubbed him, "Little, but good." Deeply mourned.

---

## R. M. THOMAS.

In the Mag. Office last term, after unusual mental exertion in the compilation of an Editorial. A confirmed Stoic and T.T.—the limit of his recreation being an occasional cup of coffee at the Kardo. and an annual visit to D'Arc's Waxworks—his delight here being to gaze upon the divine form of Cetewayo. A Socialist and a 'violent' pacifist (excuse the paradox!). Also a prominent champion of all things Welsh—in this connection reminding us of the fellow who sat on a pound of butter, "I will stick to Wales as long as Wales do stick to me." His motto, like that of the Morgan-Watkin-Bill-Curnow race, according to Prof. Norwood's testimony, was "Try, try again."

## F. W. PINKARD.

On June 27th, 1915, in a Church Society Meeting at 11.59.2/5 p.m., after a short yet brilliant career in the social side of Coll., from brainfag and St. Vitus' Dance brought on by excessive labour and by journalistic attacks on his colleagues—a sign of his great philanthropy. A prominent man in the Newport Old Boys v. Ministerials Football matches, he invariably made himself conspicuous. Recollections of his rhetorical effusions still linger in the memories of enthusiasts of Lit. and Deb. where his eloquence suggested that he should some day find himself in Parliament. A vegetarian and a Eugenist. It is rumoured that a bust to his memory is to be set up in the Library. 'Nuff sed.'

## ERIC NORMANN DE NORMANN.

On June 28th, 1915, in harness in the Town Lib. after a final spurt in his attempt to land the coveted "First." (Congrats. to him!) A man of unique personality, associating only with the élite, and only recognisable to the average Coll. stu by his '*hauteur*,' and by a tendency to short-sightedness which particularly manifested itself when he was encountered in the street. Of him it might be said that "nothing in his Coll. life became him like the leaving it." Since his departure we learn that the assistants at the Town Lib. have ceased working overtime. Deeply mourned by Prof. Richmond.

## A WYNSOME WARNING.

When you're riding on a bike  
When you've got no oil for light,  
If a bobby you should strike  
In the darkness of the night

Fly again !

Argue not with limbs of law,  
When your heart is in a flutter  
Grease instead his mighty paw  
Waste no time in idle mutter,

All's in vain.

For you'll find unless you're canned,  
That a bob in bobby's hand  
's worth a dollar of the land  
When before the beak you stand.

B.



## RECENT NOVELS.

- "Adventures of an Office Boy." By B. J——r. "*Experientia docet.*"—*Barry Gazette.*
- "An Intellectual Treat." By Calvin. The author is a promising young lad.—*Comic Cuts.*
- "The Wind in a Frolic." By Harold Davies. This book has created a great stir.—*Great Thoughts.*
- "Elements of Oratory." By Roy. Terse, and the soul of wit.—*Llanbradach Echo.*
- "When it was dark." By Rosenbaum. Throws great light on the subject.
- "The Presumptuous Lamb." By Shepherd. A handbook for Freshers.—*The Mag.*
- "Why I'm a Wesleyan." By Nash. The author's command of language is astounding.
- "Another Man's Wife." By T. Harold Gordon. This book is the embodiment of tragedy. The sequel by Calvin on the other hand holds the future in bright perspective.
- "My Holiday." By T. W. Rogers. True to real life. Published by Blogg, 2/6 nett.
- "Exclamations." By Cliff. Murray. 'Nuff said ! The author is evidently at home with his subject.
- "The Battle of Trafalgar." By Wyndham Jones. The author, telling how the French *vied* with the English, evidences great historical ability.—*Ammanford Times.*
- "Mattie." By D.O.C.T. A clear analysis of the psychology of love.—*Matrimonial Times.*
- "Innocence Abroad." An Autobiography. By Caradog Williams.
- "Prison Life." By Brett. A sequel to the "Barber's Revenge," by the same author.
- "The Superman." By Shash Collar-Morgan.
- "Mighty Atom." By Jerrie. Pocket editions to be had. A regular "multum in parvo."
- "The Art of the Tonsor." By Prof. Phillips. A bald statement of well(h)aired opinions.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*H.M.*—Your fire engine is a masterpiece; would advise you to patent it immediately.

*Gl\*\* Jo\*n.*—The best book on the subject is "Nurse-ry Rhymes" (by D.J.J. and S. L.M.)

*A\*\*tin.*—Yes, "still going strong" can be applied to others than Johnnie Walker.

*R\*y.*—No, you never can tell what a woman will do! Was it a pawn ticket she sent you? By the way why not apply to S.R.C. for a private letter-box?

*M\*dl\*y.*—We apologise for accusing you of being madly pro-German, but why did you insist upon our smoking Gr\*nb\*\*g's "specials."

*J\*e.*—Why not tell us the name of the "Uncle" who gave you 8 "bob" for the goods. (How much of that sum was war-bonus?—Ed.)

*Mistaken Mary.*—You should have known that the Golden Rule at——— is Avoid Avenue. After Dark. We R not Avenue.

*Box J.*—Why didn't you leave it in the 4ft. pipe? Moreover, what is it supposed to be?

*Bloodthirsty Prophet.*—Why apply for a commission in the R.A.M.C.? Your training fits you for a "sky pilot."

*M\*rr\*s.*—We cannot tell you whether members of the proposed O.T.C. will be entitled to separation allowances. ED.

## STAFF NOTES

This Session we record eight new Staff appointments. Miss Barbara Foxley is our Professor of Education (Women), in place of Mrs. Mackenzie. Dr. Mackenzie—who has been elected Emeritus Professor by the Council—is succeeded in the Chair of Philosophy by Mr. H. J. W. Hetherington. The Rev. T. H. Robinson takes the place of the Rev. Tyssul Evans; whose grievous breakdown in health seems likely to be permanent. Madame de Guélis is now Assistant Lecturer in French, in place of M. Polderman. Miss N. L. V. Hughes, Miss T. B. Saxby, and Mr. J. S. Corkhill have become Assistants in the Elementary Training Departments. In Zoology, Miss Latache is succeeded by Mr. J. H. Lloyd.

To all these new colleagues we extend a warm welcome.

Drs. J. O. D. Wade and D. Leighton Davies have received Commissions as Lieutenants in the R.A.M.C. Mr. Dixey and Mr. Flint have enlisted as electricians in the Glamorgan Fortress Engineers. Mr. W. J. Gruffydd has received a commission as Sub-Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., and has been appointed to H.M.S. *Resourceful*. We offer our congratulations. G.N.

**WINNING LIMERICKS.**

With the lady called Mme. de G.,  
 The students don't half have a spree  
 When a quarrel arose  
 On the writing of prose,  
 She said "Bully my Papa, not me."

EFFEM.

A teacher of English named Br\*tt  
 Is always prepared for the wet  
 Sometimes he looks haughty  
 Or tells stories naughty,  
 But for learning's a wit, you may bet.

EEDDEE.

**MATHEMATICAL FACT.**

Enemy's chance ( $= C$ ) is inversely proportional to amount of pressure exerted by us. ( $= A$ ).

$$\therefore C = \frac{K}{A} = 0$$

Differentiate with respect to time.

$$\therefore \frac{dC}{dt} + \frac{K}{A^2} \cdot \frac{dA}{dt} = 0.$$

But we are exerting "constant pressure" on the enemy

$$\therefore \frac{dA}{dt} = 0.$$

$$\therefore \frac{dC}{dt} = 0.$$

$\therefore$  But we are going to exert infinite pressure on the enemy.

$\therefore$  Enemy's chance will be zero and will remain zero.

$\therefore$  Time is on our side.

(NOTE.—Students of Mathematics are asked to have mercy on the above proof, and to consider it from a general point of view).

CYRIL R.

## *Advertisement Supplement.*

*Rates for Non-Insertion depend upon the weather and other things.*

### PROGRAMME

OF A

# Grand Concert

WHICH WILL NOT BE HELD IN THE

PRINCIPAL'S ROOM, on BOXING DAY, 1915.

Chorus, "Night and the Birdie Falling." The Hallites.

Solo, "Ask Old Brown to tea" (1st, 7th and 10th verses only). The Registrar.

Whistling Solo, "If he won't come, we'll ask his son." The Office Boy. (Not J\*\*n\*r).

Rhapsody, "Fiddle up, fiddle up on your violin." H\*nd\*l.

Chorus, "It's a corner of heaven itself." The Cookery Hostel Choir.

Mouth Organ Solo, "What would the Congregation say?"

W. Br\*\*nt.

Solo, "You gave me a wonderful prose." Prof. R\*chm\*nd.

Cavatina "Somewhere a voice is bawling." Dr. Dai.

Recitation, "Potman's Whiskers." Barney.

Musical Monologue, "When the toil of the long day is o'er."

Mr. Br\*\*ks.

Final Chorus, "Yoi, Yoi, vhat a gaime." Everybody.

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ADMISSION BY REQUEST ONLY.

**SALE.**

BY PRIVATE TREATY OR OTHERWISE.

**A Fowl House and a Fowl**

(Not in a foul condition).

Apply : The Birds New Wing.

No Henpeckers need apply, nor Sufferers from Chronic Earlbattitis.

*Teleph.* : Cock-a-doodle-doo.

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PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

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**GREAT TEMPERANCE RALLY**

Will take place at

**New Coll. Buildings, on Monday, September 32nd.**

*Speakers :*

Messrs. RYRAH GORMAN and LONG HING. (Sec. of Young  
People's Temperance Guild)

*Chairman :* Mr. SEEJAY DEJON.

The Official Programme will be obtainable shortly from the Sec.,  
Mr. Denisy Mangor.

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**All that glitters is not sold.**

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Miss O. R\*\*s writes : It is a pleasure to do business with your firm.

Miss A. W\*g\*t says : My ! weren't our guests envious !

---

**WOULD YOU BE A PAVLOVA ?**

**The Leg that stretches can't be pulled.**

**Lend me your feet.**

---

**Professor JIGGER-SHASH**

Announces to the World

That, as a DANCING EXPERT, he is prepared to show anyone  
how to hop it.

---

*Little Tich writes :* The highland fling is perfect.

*Charlie Chaplin :* I owe my success to him.

---

THE PRINY'S OWN THEATRE.

---

RE-APPEARANCE OF  
**"THE SPERMAN GIE"**

By GEORGE FILBERT, CO., Un-Ltd.

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Continuous Programme. ——— Engaged for life.

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*Common Room Journal* : A crazy little drama, full of pathos.

*Public Opinion* : Ought to be shot.

---

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HIGH-CLASS TEMPERATE CLUB, popularly known as  
 "THE EVER-OPEN DOOR."

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COOKERY—A SPECIALITY. COME TO SEE THE  
 BULLDOG !

Navvies and other celebrities flock in like flies to a jam-pot.

*Proprietor* : HAROLD DAVY, Calvodonia, Paradise Road,  
 LLANWFFLLWFFLL.



**DEGREE CEREMONY, 1915.**

MIDST the fanfare of trumpets and the beating of drums the degree ceremony did not take place this year. On the contrary it was held in College Library with a solemnity and propriety hardly in sympathy with the violent desire of recipients of degrees to give expression to the levity of the moment occasioned by having got home after a more or less strenuous course. In fact, seeing that graduandi only were admitted, the affair was, from the students' point of view, a dismal failure. Yet they found consolation in that they were given to understand that it should in no way be used as a precedent for determining the nature of future assemblies of this kind. We venture to suggest that in the event of similar conditions prevailing next year degrees should be conferred "*in absentia*." The affair did not, however, pass without some attempts at hilarity and the banter usual to such gatherings. In the afternoon, after the ceremony the S.R.C. entertained the graduandi of the sister Colleges, and this, too, was marked by the same monotony and lack of interest. It was owing to the prevalent conditions that the ceremony was so slow and not celebrated in the traditional manner.

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**MUSICAL NOTES.**

How very unfortunate—Lady Music Students,—too numerous to mention. Male Students—But Two. Are we jealous?

How did G\*r\*n, H\*n\*I and D. J. enjoy the Impromptu Concert given by the Lady Music Stus on Saturday morning?

What a pity the Dr. interrupted!

We have discovered a new Basso Profundo, S\*d. E\*v\*ns to wit.

What a lovely duet he and Doctor made? Why did S\*d Blush! But S\*d is a Musical Man. (Shakespeare).

Will the three Lady Music Students give an account of their doings which made it impossible for them to retire until 3 a.m.?

Verb Sap.

MUSICUS.

---



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**A CONUNDRUM.**

Q.—What is a man, who is in the midst of a river and unable to swim, like?

A.—Like J\*\*\*\*r in the Lake at 6.30 a.m.; absolutely wet,

**RUMOURS.**

That Professor Littledale on seeing the remains of his automobile (?) after it had received careful treatment at the hands of his disciples, said

Once I was hap, hap happy  
But now I am miserable.

---

That the aforesaid disciples on interviewing the Priny, said  
Ditto !

---

That Prof. Babs says :—

Oh, for a Magnet, a Loadstone (not an Ov\*rst\*ne) to  
attract my men back to me.

Me seek them here ; Me seek them there  
Me Frenchy seek them everywhere.  
Are they in heaven or are they in quod  
The demn'd elusive Honours Squad.

---

That Dr. Arnold says :—

I've gotter motter, always merry and bright !

---

I've been tried. Miss Ov\*rst\*ne has tried me. I've been  
found wanting. What on earth *do* I want ? ! ! !

---

That D.A. says :—

Oh, to resist work ! I've tested story telling  
Even tried the cookery bun  
Found it jolly hard, by gum,  
Why not try it on the Hun,  
It's sure to strike him deaf and dumb.

---

That Rogers says :—

I have a broken heart—and pocket, in fact I'm entirely  
broke !

Have tried mendit, seccotine, a new landlady, and even bribing  
George. Am a wreck !

A fortnight's rest is quite inadequate.

That When Lewis Carroll wrote :—

“I have a horse—a ryght good horse—  
 Ne doe I envy those  
 Who scour ye plaine in headie course,  
 Tyll soddaine on theyre nose  
 They lyght wyth unexpected force—  
 It ys—a horse of clothes.”

He was thinking of the Cookery School.

---

### O.T.C.

At a Conversaz. in 1913 of an O.T.C. and other things :—

The Germans are coming, so wisecacres say,  
 Let's hope on arriving they'll try us this way  
 If they get in alright there's no need to shout,  
 We'll bet a bob they'll never get out.

Hold your row, have no doubt,  
 No, we do not refer to the noble boy scout,  
 Hold your row, what d'you say,  
 Why, the O.T.C.'s coming—yes, coming SOME DAY.

B.J.

---

### A MERRY THOUGHT !

*Arn\*\*d (suddenly to a lady) :* Which would you prefer—to be  
 executed or burnt at the stake ?

*Lady (suspiciously) :* Executed.

*Arn\*\*d :* Ah ! you prefer a cold *chop* to a hot *st(e)ak(e)*.

*Lady (swooning) :* Help !

---

### ODDMENTS.

Did the poet refer when he wrote

Stern law-giver, yet thou dost wear  
 A most sincere benignant grace,  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the frown upon thy face

To J\*\*n\*r.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives  
And dear the fond embraces of our wives

To the married members of the Staff.

I do but sing because I must  
And pipe but as the linnets sing

To P\*n\*y Th\*m\*s.

The lights began to twinkle from the docks

To a Stu. on Penylan Hill.

The sea lay laughing at a distance ;  
Near the solid mountains shone bright as the clouds

To B\*ryl's photo of Edn\*.

I swear to bury this mighty book  
That never mortal might therein look

To Lit. and Deb. Minutes Book.

Or, like a girl

Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes

To M\*rj\*i\*e.

A Violet in a Cookery School  
Half hidden from the eye,  
Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

To a friend of W\*ndh\*m's.

She above the rest,  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a tower.

To Miss R\*\*s indignant in S.R.C.

His life was gentle and the elements  
So mixed in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the wor'd—this was a man.

To P\*rry J\*n\*s in Ministerlai initiation.

Hail to thee blithe spirit  
Bird's thou never wert

To the Cooks' exit from Aberdare Hall.

**THE THIEF.**

I WAS alone in the compartment, comfortable, and hoping I should not be disturbed ; suddenly a short, dark and clean-shaven man rushed in as the train was beginning to start off. He seemed afraid of me, sat in a corner, and turned his head away.

" Nice morning," I said. The new-comer half turned his head, contorted his face, seemed to be choking—and said nothing. I now observed that his face was swollen and his lips puffed out : he had a severe cold in the head, and apparently found some difficulty in breathing through his mouth. Then his jaws moved and his cheeks sunk in a little as if he were adjusting something in his mouth, and I thought he was perhaps trying to fix an inch cube of Mackintosh's toffee comfortably under his palate. He kept his lips as tightly closed as possible ; and there was a look of disgust and dissatisfaction writ large on his face, while as he glanced at me his eyes appeared to express his thought, " Please don't speak to me, because I can't answer." I was curious.

" You have a bad cold," I said, trying to make peace, for his avoidance of me made me feel very queer. His cheeks swelled out again and his lips tightened, and his eyes were almost forced out of their sockets, giving him a ghastly appearance. I was afraid he was choking, and half desired to pull the communication cord. But I knew it wouldn't work, for I had tried it several times before on that branch line of the G.W.R. He tried to speak, and failed. At least, I thought so.

After a time I tried him again. " Toothache ? " I suggested. He shook his head. (Again the turning of the lump of toffee, with all the accompanying grimaces). " Gumboils ? " Once more he shook his head. " Cold in the gums, then ? " He was beginning to get angry, but only clenched his fists and scraped his feet. For a time I was quiet.

But those awful contortions made me sympathetic and I said " What is the matter ; can I do anything for you ? You look very ill." He was exasperated.

Then he opened wide his mouth and took out a set of teeth about four sizes too large ; then followed a sigh of relief. I don't remember whether it came from him or from myself. He came and sat near me, and began ; " No, sir, I am not ill ; neither toothache, nor gumboils, nor cold. Can I trust you, sir, if I tell you my story ? I used to suffer with neuralgia, but my teeth were as sound as yours. Tompkins the dentist in Duffton persuaded my wife that if I had my teeth taken out, the neuralgia would cease ;

moreover he said he would take them out, painless extractions, free of charge, if I would buy a new set from him, which, he said, would only cost two guineas, perfect fit and comfort.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last, owing to the war, the cheapest set he could make would cost £8 8s. od. I said I'd see him burned before I'd pay it. The quibble went on for a long time, and this morning I've been desperate. Now, sir, you asked me if you could do anything for me. Will you do me this favour ; go to Tompkins and take these teeth back." I couldn't understand. " You see, sir," he said, " just inside the doorway of Tompkins's Dental Rooms there's a show-case. (He now took my hand), I *stole* these from there. Will you take them back ? "

While I hesitated, the train steamed into Farnwell station. The stranger rose to go, and as he was leaving he thrust the teeth into my hands, saying, " Do what you like with them, but I never want to see them again. I wish I had taken a smaller size." With this he rushed away, and I thought he looked so happy.

B.B.

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### LOST.

Seated one day at the piano  
My sweetheart was singing to me,  
And her voice had all plain sailing  
Till it struck a very high C.

I know not what she was singing—  
I hope I *won't* hear it again—  
But she struck one bunch of music  
Like the squawk of a hen in pain.

I could see she was foundering swiftly,  
So I founder another song ;  
For the breakers were sure to breaker  
In pieces before very long.

But hard as I tried to save her,  
The last that I saw was she,  
Without even a life preserver  
Adrift on life's high C.

T.B.

**THE ABERYSTWYTH LETTER.**

To the Editor.

It is with sincere pleasure that I accept your invitation to render some account of our doings at Aber. during what has proved to be a term fraught with unprecedented difficulty.

I have been looking through some old magazines and especially at the correspondence which has from time to time passed between the Colleges of our Varsity. A rapturous hilarity and good cheer seemed to be gushing through every moment of those incomparable days. But this has been sicklied o'er with the shadow of catastrophe. The sobriety of a general distress has settled upon our cheery community; grim death itself has been among us and we can no longer "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the ancient world."

In spite of this seemly restraint, however, we deem it as by no means in the best interests of our College and of the nation for whose good it ultimately stands, to affect an unconditional and unhealthy gloom. We are the guardians of great memories and splendid traditions and it is up to us to assure ourselves of the preservation of this choice heritage. To this end we have endeavoured to maintain college societies as vigourously as possible, but above all in that spirit of comradeship which is so essential to student life and whose rare worth is peculiarly enhanced in a season of immeasurable sorrow.

The men have almost entirely abandoned the Athletic Fields for the martial exercise of the Drill Hall, and in the excellent training of the O.T.C. many are preparing to receive commissions in His Majesty's Army. With the women students therefore, rests the responsibility of upholding our athletic prestige, but the trust is laid confidently in their hands and they are already looking forward to the keen enjoyment of Inter-Colls.

Several excellent smokers have been held, but our weekly "Lit. and Deb." has naturally become the hub of Coll. activity. Many interesting and strenuous debates have taken place and the Session offers considerable promise.

Frivolous functions have been regarded as obviously ill-timed and an "Annual Entertainment" of modest proportions has, therefore, superseded our customary "Lit. and Deb. Soiree," with its boisterous fun and luxurious equipment.

But surely no more precious tradition has been entrusted to our care than the excellent feeling of good-fellowship between our three constituent Colleges. This official letter is but one of the many channels through which that magnanimous "camaraderie"

has been wont to flow, and our greeting is so much the more hearty and intense therefore, because most of the remaining channels are temporarily stopped.

With the best of luck to the people of Cardiff, in all activities, throughout the Session, but not least in their dealings with those weird sprites the "Terminals," who are already threatening us throughout the Session, but not least in their dealings with those weird sprites the "Terminals," who are already threatening us with one of their periodical visitations.

Yours very sincerely,

R. T. PUGH,

(*Editor of "The Dragon."*)

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#### STOP-PRESS.

WE are informed that the War Office has unfortunately not seen its way clear to grant to the College recognition of the O.T.C. to which we have referred in another column.

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Mr. J\*\*n\*r's recent debut as an elocutionist at the Park Cinema was a decided improvement upon his Lit. and Deb. performances, proving that great causes flourish after persecution.

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The ladies' collection of cigarettes for Soldiers was a great success; they didn't smoke one, no, not even at their Smoker.

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We express our sympathies with the President of S.R.C. on his recent illness, and wish him a rapid recovery.

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A large number of students have during the last few weeks enlisted in H.M. Forces. Among these are such influential men as Secs. of S.R.C. and C.A.B. and Captains of Rugger and Soccer.



**SOCIAL TEAS COMMITTEE.**

In connection with the above, a 'Social Tea' was held in St. John's School, Priory Road, on Tuesday, November 16th. The attendance in spite of some difficulties, was a record one. The affair partook of the nature of a farewell to those Students who were leaving Coll. to join the Colours. Miss Hurlbatt kindly assented to a Dance, and on the whole a most pleasant evening was spent.

M.R. & W.J.

**ABERDARE HALL NOTES.**

The Freshers in Hall this year are more numerous than usual. We extend a hearty welcome to them all, and hope that they will have a successful and happy College career in spite of the fact that the social side of College life naturally promises to be still more in the background this year.

We congratulate Miss Foxley on her appointment as Head of the Women's Training Department. She no longer resides with us, her place in Hall being taken by Miss M. V. Hughes, one of the new lecturers in the Normal Department. We are pleased to welcome Miss Hughes amongst us, and we feel grateful to her for her readiness at all times to help us in any way.

Miss Hughes takes a very deep and active interest in the work of the University Settlement. She has obtained several volunteers from amongst the Hall Students to help her in this work, either weekly or fortnightly. As a result, a toy-making class is held here every Thursday evening, when Miss Dendy, from the College School, comes and teaches the Settlement helpers. If any of the Town Girls would like to help in this work, we feel sure that Miss Hughes would be glad to welcome them in these classes. Also, we should like to remind them that it's the University, and not the Aberdare Hall, Settlement, and while we Hall Students are quite prepared to do our share ungrudgingly, we feel that the work could be carried on more thoroughly if a few of the Town Girls co-operated with us.

The Knitting Guild has already set active fingers in Hall plying busily, and scarves and mittens are being rapidly turned out.

M.J.

*News from Societies.***LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.**

*Officers:* President, Mr. T. B. Price; Vice-President, Miss Overstone; Secretaries, Miss Minty and Harold Davies; Committee, Miss Ross, Mr. Owen Griffith, Mr. Penry Thomas, Mr. Robinson (Member of the Staff).

The first General Meeting was held on October 29th. The President extended a hearty welcome to all Freshers to associate themselves with the Society and emphasised the important rules of the Society.

Subject for discussion: "That the liberty of the Press should be restricted during the present crisis."

*Mr. Calvin Thomas* opened on the affirmative. He spoke of the widespread influence of the Press. If this influence tended in any way to imperil the wellbeing of the country then it should be restricted. He showed what detrimental effects the Press could produce upon military movements, upon Public Opinion, our Allies, and upon Neutrals.

*Mr. C. L. Young* opened on the negative. The Press fails to withhold valuable information from the enemy. It prevents panic at home. The censorship of the Press was a good weapon in the hands of the War Lords of Germany. Mr. Young begged to support what distinguished this country from all others—a glorious heritage of freedom.

*Mr. Cyril Rosenbaum* seconded the affirmative. Censorship of the Press leads to conflicting reports. Let us know the truth.

*Mr. R. M. Evans* seconded the affirmative. Editors exploited the Public Mind for the sake of gain.

The following took part in the discussion :—

(1) *Mr. Janner*.—To give absolute freedom to everybody was a mistake. To do so with the Press would shatter the unity of the State.

(2) *Mr. Dan Davies*.—The Press was out for what it could get.

(3) *Mr. Leveson* advocated a "middle course."

(4) *Mr. Owen Griffith*.—The Government should take the country into its confidence. Press should be restricted so far as the best interests of the nation should be served.

(5) *Mr. Harold Davies*.—The Press had not justified the freedom granted in the past. There was a difference between Liberty and Licence.

(6) *Miss Overstone, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Emlyn Williams* also spoke. The motion was carried, 66 to 12.

Second General Meeting, held on Nov. 12th. The President in the Chair.

Subject for Debate: "That great causes flourish most when most persecuted."

*Mr. Janner* opened on the affirmative. He dealt with the subject etymologically, also from the deductive and inductive point of view. The greatness of a cause is proportionate to the persecution it receives. Liberty, Tolerance, Temperance, Religion, Right to Live, Peace, were examples of great causes before persecution were unheard of. Welsh history shows the Welsh when left unmolested were weakened by internal strife. It was the persecution of Edward I that roused patriotism in Wales. Suppression of Welsh ideals by the English make those ideals flourish.

*Mr. D. A. Thomas* opened on the negative. Environment has not an inverse ratio on character. Environment influences principles as it does character. Great causes flourish given the best environment. Persecution will make a man stubborn, obstinate. These qualities exterminate the life of a principle. Great causes wither away under vigorous persecution.

*Mr. Dan Davies* seconded the negative. Upholders of great causes should publish their principles abroad. This does not happen in time of persecution. How many Christians proclaimed their doctrines in the time of Nero? How many of the 300 Protestants burned in the reign of Queen Mary made public their hatred of the Pope? Great causes may flourish *after* persecution, but not *during* persecution.

*Mr. McCulloch* seconded the affirmative. Though great causes may not flourish outwardly during persecution there was such a thing as *latent* flourishing. Persecution rouses manhood. The great driving force of a cause. The example of a young man in love was taken—the greater the barriers the stronger his love. Causes won without effort are not strong. Persecution strengthens, promotes great causes.

*Mr. Calvin Thomas*.—Persecution elicits neutral sympathy.

*Mr. Young*.—During peace time more opportunities to develop fine qualities are given than in time of persecution. You can persecute a cause until it is wiped out of existence.

*Miss Minty*.—Explained "latent flourishing" from nature study. The Indian Mutiny and the American War of Independence brought freedom.

*Miss Hooper*.—Most people are inclined to favour the weaker side.

*Mr. Harold Davies*.—No such thing as persecution to the man convinced of the greatness of the cause.

*Mr. Goodfield, Mr. Jerry Williams, Miss Black, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Emlyn Williams, Mr. Stephen Williams, Miss Thomas, Mr. Walters, Mr. Ewart Price, Mr. W. R. Bowen and Mr. M. S. Hopkins* also spoke.

### CHRISTIAN UNION.

In spite of many adverse circumstances occasioned by the present crisis the C.U. has again commenced a very remarkable and promising Session.

The Term's work commenced as usual with an opening meeting. This was held on October 15th in the New Coll., we were fortunate in securing for it the services of Dr. Crichton Miller, M.A., M.D., an eminent London specialist, who, it will be remembered, made such an impression last year on the subject of "Religion and the Study of Science."

This year again a very inspiring address was delivered on "Life's Dynamics."

Prof. Bruce, M.A., was the chairman, the office of which he again filled in his usual able and genial manner.

On the 20th the Fresher's Social was held. This was well attended. We were especially pleased to welcome several members of the Staff, including Professor Foxley, Miss Steuart, Miss Flight, and Miss Hurlbatt.

A very entertaining programme was provided, the most significant item of which was the pithy address of a "Fresher" member of the Staff, the Rev. T. H. Robinson, M.A., B.D., Lecturer in Semitic Languages, recently of Serampore College, India.

This year's Social was characterised by the superabundance of excitement on the men's side. This should augur well for the future of C.U. among our Men Students.

Our other activities are proceeding in a more enthusiastic manner than ever. Study Circles, about 12 in number, are keenly interested in "The Manhood of the Master." These Circles provide many opportunities for deep thought upon matters of intense interest to all Students and, considering the seriousness of the times in which we live, the weightiness of the problems which beset us on every hand, it is somewhat surprising to find there are not more circles in existence. Again we heartily invite all Students to consider the advantages of and to join in Study Circle.

Prayer Meetings are held daily for women and men. They are fairly well attended.

The meeting for United Intercession has been held weekly at Y.M.C.A. on Sunday mornings at 10 a.m. Further meetings of great interest are being arranged. Students should look out for "some" meetings, for the brilliant speakers due down next Term.

As this report goes to Press, a very interesting Missionary Meeting for Students will have been held at the Y.M.C.A., the speaker being Miss Gough, of the S.P.G.

C.W.

#### MINISTERIAL UNION.

President, Prof. Roberts; Chairman, Mr. T. R. Lloyd.

The Annual Reception was held in the Men's Common Room on Monday, October 25th, in a more modified form than in previous years. The following professors favoured us with their presence: Prof. Roberts, Norwood, Phillips, Hetherington and Mr. Robinson. Their speeches were very much appreciated.

HAROLD DAVIES, *Sec.*

#### FROGS' CLASSICAL SOCIETY.

"Frogs" promises to be as great a success as ever. The number of members has increased to seventy. The first meeting was held on Nov. 10th, when it was announced that Lord Aberdare had kindly consented to act as President. Mr. E. G. Jones read a very able paper on "The Origin and Aim of the 'Works and Days' of Hesiod."

Two more papers have been arranged for this Term: on Nov. 24th Prof. Richmond will read a paper on "Pythagoras at Rome," and on Dec. 8th Miss Steuart will give a paper on "The Gifts of the Camenae."

Next Term we are to have a paper from Professor Norwood, and three from Students.

E. LOCK, *Hon. Sec.*

#### ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The Society has been badly handicapped by the non-return of a number of our members. Some have joined H.M. Forces and others who were engaged on munitions at Woolwich Arsenal and elsewhere during the vacation have chosen to remain. This being so we feared the Society would be discontinued this year. With the efforts of Prof. Bacon and Staff, and with the loyal support of the Freshers we hope to carry on as usual.

It may be of interest to know that two whole days (i.e., 7 a.m. to 6 p.m.) a week are set apart for munition work in the Engineering Laboratory. This enables Engineering and Metallurgical Students to render war service, though in Coll., needless to say, we are proud of the opportunity.

I am indebted to a few past Students who have promised their support this year.

J.S.C.

**Y GYMDEITHAS GYMREIG.**

Gwyrodd y Gymdeithas uchod ychydig oddiwrth yr arferiad cyffredin o ddechreu ei thymor, a chafwyd math ar Gyfarfod Croeso o araith a chân yn lle'r Wyl De flynyddol. Gan nad ydyw'r wyl de yn cyrraedd yr amcan uchaf, teimlai'r pwyllgor, yn yr argyfwng presennol mai buddiol fuasai cynnal cyfarfod o nodwedd wahanol. Credwn fod y pwyllgor wedi penderfynu yn ddoeth, oherwydd daeth lliaws ynghyd am 7 o'r gloch nos Fercher, Hydref 27ain, a chafwyd cyfarfod dymunol iawn o dan lywyddiaeth yr Athro W. J. Roberts, M.A. (Llywydd y Gymdeithas). Siaradodd y Llywydd a Mr. W. J. Gruffydd, M.A., yn hyawdl iawn ar wlatgarwch, flyddlondeb i ddelfrydau a defodau cenedlaethol Cymru, gan annog yr aelodau hefyd i'w presenoli eu hunain yn flyddlon a phrydlon i gyfarfodydd y Gymdeithas. Croesawyd y "Freshers" gan Mr. Owain Gruffydd, B.A., mewn araeth dwt a chryno, a chymerth lliaws o'r hen aelodau ran mewn canu, adrodd, a siarad. Profiad pawb a fu yno oedd: "Da oedd i ni fod yno."

Nos Fercher, Tachwedd rofed, traddododd Mr. Smith, M.A. (yr Hen Goleg), ei ddarlith Saesneg ddiddorol ac adeiladol ar Fudiadau Cenedlaethol yn yr Iwerddon. Rhoddodd ddarlun byw inni o safle yr Iwerddon parthed Cenedlaetholdeb, a dysgwyd llawer ffaith am ein brodyr o wlad Erin, a chredwn mai buddiol i ni fel Cymry fuasai eu hefelychu mewn llawer peth, er engraffit yn eu sel a'i brwdfrydedd dros iaith y werin.

A'r cyfarfod yn agored, siaradodd yr Athro Roberts o'r gadair, a dilynwyd ef gan Mr. E. E. Hughes, M.A. Gofynnwyd nifer o ofyniadau i'r darlithydd, ac atebodd yntau fel un hyddysg yn ei foes. Cyflwynwyd y diolch arferol gan y Llywydd a'r Ysgrifennydd.

E.J. a T.R.L.

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## *Athletics.*

**ASSOCIATION.**

Although having lost the services of last season's players with the exception of three, nevertheless we have been able to get together a very good team for the current season. The fixture list, moreover, is fairly heavy as compared with last year's, four matches having been arranged with Caerleon, six with the Soldiers and Sailors stationed in and around Cardiff, and the usual two with Bristol University.

*Trial Match.*—A trial match took place at Cae Syr Dafydd on Saturday, October 23rd, but in consequence of the wet weather only about half of the selected players turned out, and hence the match was not a success.

*Coll. v. Cardiff Intermediate.*—Played at the Harlequins' Ground, on Thursday, October 28th. Result: Coll., 6; Cardiff Intermediate, 0.

Although the score seems flattering for Coll., yet it must be said that the School gave us a good game. Considering the fact that it was the first time for Coll. to play together, the combination exhibited was remarkably good, especially between half-backs and forwards. During the first half we notched four goals, while in the second we notched two, one of which was a penalty by Harverd. It is noteworthy that each of the forwards scored, the scorers being Harverd (2), W. J. Harris (1), J. Thomas (1), Cliff. Harries (1), and L. Thomas (1).

*Coll. v. Caerleon.*—At Caerleon, Nov. 4th. Result: Caerleon, 2; Coll., 0. After our success v. Cardiff Intermediate it was decided to play the same team versus Caerleon, the following representing Coll.: Goal, Calvin Thomas; Backs, D. D. Morgan and W. H. Bryant (Capt.); Halves, Madley, T. M. Jones, J. R. Davies; Forwards, W. J. Harris, J. Thomas, W. Harverd, C. M. Harries, and L. Thomas. We were very unfortunate in losing this match, for on the run of the play we at least deserved to draw. During the first half we undoubtedly had the best of matters, and should certainly have been awarded a goal when C. M. Harries netted, whereas he was declared offside. The second half proved to be very keen, but our players played with less confidence than in the first half, and towards the end of the game literally went to pieces, with the result that Caerleon succeeded in netting twice.

On the whole our backs played a good game, and also the two wing forwards, but the three inside forwards were exceptionally weak, and on many occasions failed to turn their opportunities into account.

*Coll. v. 3rd Welch Band.* At Cae Syr Dafydd, Nov. 13th. Result : Coll., 5 ; Band, 3. For this match the team was rearranged—T. J. Jones and L. Thomas being unable to play, their places being taken by J. Thomas and A. F. Hill respectively, while W. H. Bryant took his place at centre forward. The latter proved an effective change, for the new centre forward succeeding in "bagging" four of the goals while the fifth goal was scored by W. Morgan.

### RUGBY.

Coll. prospects were not very rosy at the beginning of Term, the majority of last year's players not having returned. Indeed, a great difficulty has been experienced in getting a team together. Accordingly many Freshers have been given an opportunity to show their prowess, and before the end of the Term we hope to have the team up to the usual Coll. standard. Two matches have been played, and both lost. Points for, 0. Against, 14.

*3rd Glamorgan Yeomanry.*—Home. October 30th. The Coll. team was a weak one, the Captain, W. M. Watkins, being unable to play, and also a few others. Furthermore, to add to our difficulties, six men did not turn out at the last moment, and substitutes had to be picked up on the field. Only fourteen men then played for Coll. However, Coll. played well, and managed to hold the Yeomanry until the last quarter of an hour, when eleven points were scored against us. Result : Glamorgan Yeomanry, 1 converted goal, 3 tries ; Coll., nil.

*Caerleon Training College.*—Away. Nov. 13th. Coll. team more representative, though two men were unable to play. The Coll. forwards were very weak in this match, and did not get the ball from the scrum once. The backs therefore had no chances, although they played very well. Melb. Thomas being especially brilliant. Coll. were mostly confined to their own half, but were only just beaten. Result : Caerleon, 1 try ; Coll., nil.

However, we hope to win the remaining matches this Term.

T. W. ROGERS, *Hon. Sec.*

### HOCKEY CLUB.

This year the Club has proved very unsuccessful in the matter of fixtures—as yet only three fixtures have been arranged, which will probably have to be cancelled.

Feb. 3rd.	Cardiff Inter.
Feb. 17th.	Cardiff Inter.
Mar. 4th.	Monmouth Grammar School. Away.

It is to be hoped that next year's Club (if there is one), will be more successful with regard to both fixtures and players—of whom there is a great dearth this year.

ROY M. EVANS, *Hon. Sec.*

### WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

So far the team has been very successful, three matches have been played, of which two have been won, and one lost.

*Bridgend County School.*—Played at Llandaff Fields, on Nov. 6th. Very evenly contested game, which resulted in a win for Bridgend, 2—1. The following played for Coll. : M. Jones, P. Hooper (Captain), K. Freeman, R. Maddock, M. Robbins, M. Williams, M. Woodruff, V. Fernie, G. Jones, K. Pinkard, K. Williams. Scorer, G. Jones.

*Barry Ladies.*—Nov. 13th, at Llandaff Fields. Coll. played a good game, and deservedly won, 6—1. Coll. played one short, and Barry two. Scorers, G. Jones, K. Pinkard, V. Fernie.

*Cardiff Inter.*—Nov. 17th, at Harlequins' Ground. The School quickly scored 1 goal, but Coll. soon bucked up and was certainly the better side, although we again fell off towards the end, and allowed the Inter. to score two more goals in the last ten minutes. The score was 6—4 in favour of Coll. The following played : P. Hooper (Capt.), K. Freeman, F. Murdoch, G. Black, M. Williams, M. Robbins, R. Maddock, M. Woodruff, G. Jones, K. Williams, K. Pinkard. Scorers, G. Jones, M. Williams, K. Williams.

KATHLEEN PINKARD, *Hon. Sec.*

**C.A.B.**

Owing to the unsettled position of College students this year, it has been impossible to run the various Clubs and the Inter-Faculty Scheme successfully. Unfortunately, the latter has not even started, as the various Faculties have failed to raise teams. We hope, however, to get on as best as possible under the circumstances.

The fixture lists of the Clubs (up-to-date) are as follows :-

**Rugby.**

1915.

Oct. 30th. 3rd Glam. Yeomanry (Brecon). Home.

Nov. 13th. Caerleon Training College. Away.

Nov. 20th. 3rd Glamorgan Yeomanry. Away.

1916.

Jan. 22nd. Caerleon Training College. Home.

**Hockey (Men).**

Monmouth Grammar School. Away.

Oct. 28th. Cardiff Intermediate School. Home.

Nov. 4th. Caerleon Training College. Away.

Nov. 20th. Bristol University. Home.

Dec. 2nd. Cardiff Intermediate School. Away.

Dec. 11th. Caerleon Training College. Home.

Dec. 18th. Bristol University. Away.

1916.

Jan. 15th. Caerleon Training College. Home.

Feb. 19th. Caerleon Training College. Away.

**Hockey (Women).**

1915.

Oct. 23rd. Barry Ladies. Home.

Oct. 30th. Penarth Ladies. Away.

Nov. 6th. Bridgend C. School. Home.

Nov. 20th. Barry T. College. Away.

Nov. 27th. Newport Ladies. Home.

Dec. 11th. Technical College Ladies. Home.

1916.

Jan. 22nd. Barry Ladies. Away.

Jan. 29th. Penarth Ladies. Home.

Feb. 5th. Technical College Ladies. Away.

Feb. 19th. Bridgend C. School. Away.

Mar. 4th. Barry T. College. Home.

Mar. 11th. Newport Ladies. Away.





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